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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

A Woman's Complaint.

Angie Fuller in Vis-a-Vis.

Of all the noxious weeds which grow,
On mountains high, in valleys low;
I question if one weed there is,
In noxiousness surpassing this:
Men call Tobacco.

While other weeds are always found
Content upon or near the ground,
Because that is their pro, or place,
Tobacco, with its modest grace,
Goes everywhere;

Mounts the air; permeates each breath,
With horrid smells, disease and death;
And though not called a pestilence,
It is a pest, in every sense,
Where'er it goes.

Yet while men nurse all other weeds
They carefully sow Tobacco seeds;
And till and sweat, with pick and hoe,
To enrich them and make them grow,
Unto perfection.

Then when the plants are fully grown,
With utmost care they cut them down,
And lay them by in some safe place,
With cunning heart and smiling face,
For future use.

"Use" did I say. They never feed
To animals the toll-crown weed;
The hungry pig knows far too much
So vile a substance 't' to touch,
Much less to eat.

What then? Why, since pigs will not taste
And they their labor can't waste,
They chew it as they do their food,
And say the nasty stuff is "good!"
Good for the health.

Yet not content they turn their lungs
To bellows, and their teeth to tongs,
And hoarse, and hoarse, they puff and blow,
To make tobacco smoke and glow;
And call the hard work "comfort."

Nor do they heed the sneers and groans,
Nor even the nervous anguish moans,
Of temperate folks who love pure air,
And have by right an equal share
To comfort.

But with a most persistent zeal,
As though all nerves were made of steel,
In self-torments, from day to day,
They chew and puff, and spit away,
And rate of self-denial.

Or if some one with nerves unstrung,
And heart to indignation stung,
Dares to remonstrate, dares to say
"Charity bids us put away
Our idols."

They will in tones pathetic cry,
"Can you our God-given rights deny?"
Then exhort on self-sacrifice,
Seeking other's happiness;
And clew, and puff away.

Satan, some say, first sowed the seed
Of this much-vaunted, disquieting weed,
And it may be—but this I know,
That if the Lord the seed did sow,
'Twas with a pure intent;

For some vile purpose, some good too,
Which men have sown to base abuse;
And with design it has upon
Each self-deceived and cunning one,
Who chews and smokes Tobacco.

Dec. 3, 1867.

STORY TELLER.

BACKBONE AND GRIT.

"The stage has gone, sir; but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball let's him have his team for a trifle, and we like to get him a job when we can."

It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that make the lower slope of the Monadnock Mountain a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home, one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that made a daily trip to K—. The train was late; the stage, after waiting some time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt-sleeves, and leaning his elbow on the balcony rail dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveler what comfort could be extracted from the offering sentence of my sketch.

"Would we not come in and have some dinner?" "Yes." "Would he send for the deacon's team?" "Yes."

"And the boy?" "Yes." And the dinner was eaten, and the team came round—an open buggy and an old white horse—and just as we were seated, the door of a little brown house across the way opened and out rushed the "widow's boy."

In his mouth was the last morsel of his dinner; he had evidently learned how to eat and run. His feet were clad in last winter's much-worn boots, whose wrinkled legs refused to stay within the limits of his narrow and faded trousers. As his legs flew forward his arms flew backward in an ineffectual struggle to get himself inside of a jacket much too short in the sleeves.

"There he is," said the hostler, "that's the Widow Beebe's boy. I told him I'd hold the horse while he went home to get a bite."

The horse did not look as if he needed to be held, but the hostler got his dme, and the boy approached in time to relieve my mind as to whether he

would conquer the jacket or the jacket would conquer him and turn him wrong side out.

He was sunburned and freckled, large-mouthed and red-haired—a homely, plain, wretched little Yankee boy; and yet, as we rode through the deep summer bloom and fragrance of the shaded road, winding up the long hills in the glow of the afternoon sun, I learned such a lesson from the little fellow as I shall not soon forget.

He did not look much like a preacher as he sat stooping forward a little, whisking the flies from the deacon's horse, but his sermon was one which I wish might have been heard by all the boys in the land. As it was, I had to spur him on how and then by questions to get him to speak about himself.

"My father died, you see, and left my mother the little brown house opposite the tavern. You saw it didn't you, sir—the one with the lilac bushes under the window? Father was sick a long time, and when he could not work he had to raise money on the house. Deacon Ball let him have it, a little at a time, and when father was gone mother found the money owed was almost three hundred dollars. At first she thought she would have to give up the house, but the deacon said, 'Let it wait awhile,' and he turned and put me on the head, and said: 'When Johnny gets big enough to earn something, I shall expect him to pay it. I was only nine then, but I'm thirteen now; I remember it, and I remember mother cried, and said, 'Yes, Deacon, Johnny is my only hope now; and I wondered and wondered what work I could do. I really felt as if I ought to begin at once, but I couldn't think of anything to do.'"

"Well, what did you do?" I asked, quickly, for I was afraid he would stop, and I wanted to hear the rest.

"Well, at first I did very funny things for a boy. Mother used to knit socks to sell, and she sewed the rags to make rag carpets and I helped."

"How? What could you do?" "Well, the people who would like a carpet could not always get the time to make it. So I went to the houses among the farmers and took home their rags, old coats, and everything they had, and out in the woodshed I ripped and cut them up. Then mother sewed them and sometimes I sewed some too, and then I rolled them into balls and took them back to the owners, all ready to do woven into rugs."

"But did they pay for your work?" "Oh, yes, we got so much a pound; and I felt quite like a young merchant when I weighed them out with our old steel yards. But that was only one way; we've two or three old apple trees out in the back yard by the wall, and we dried the apples and sold them. Then some of the farmers who had a good many apples began to send them to us to dry, and we paid them so many pounds all dry and had the rest to sell."

"But you surely could not do much in ways like these." "No, not much, but something; and we had the knitting."

"Did you knit?" "Not at first, but after awhile mother began to have the rheumatism in her hands and the joints became swollen and the fingers twisted, and it hurt her to move them. Then I learned to knit; before that I wound the yarn for her. I had to learn to sew a little too, for mother didn't like to see the holes without patches."

And he looked half smilingly at the specimens on his knees.

"But you did not mend those?" said I.

"Yes, sir; but I was in a hurry, and mother said it was not done as it ought to be. They had just been washed, and I couldn't wait for them to dry."

"Who washed them?" "I did, and ironed them, too. I can wash and iron almost as well as mother can. She don't mean to let me, but how is she going to help it? She can hardly use her hands at all, and some days she cannot leave her chair so I had to learn to make the beds and to scrub the floor and wash the dishes, and I can cook almost as well as a girl."

"Is it possible? I shall have to take supper with you on my way back to the city, and test your skill." Johnny blushed, and I added:

"It's a pity, my boy, that you haven't a sister."

"I had one," he said, gently, "but she died; and—if she had lived, I shouldn't have wished her to lift, and bring wood and water,

and scrub as poor mother always did. Sometimes I wish I could have sprung all the way from a baby to a man. It's such slow work growing up; and it was while mother was waiting for me to grow up that she worked so hard."

"But, my boy, you cannot expect to be son and daughter and mother all in one. You cannot do the work for a whole family."

"Yes, I can; it isn't much, and I'm going to do it and the work my father left undone. I'm going to pay that mortgage, if I live."

"Heaven grant you may," I said, fervently, under my breath; "for not many mothers have such a son."

"Mother don't know I mean to do it, and she is very anxious I should go to school, and I mean to, some time; but I know just where the boys in my class are studying, and I get the lessons at home. Mother reads them to me out of the book, while I am washing the dishes or doing her work, and we have great fun. I try to remember and repeat it, and if we come to anything we can't make out, I take it over to the teacher in the evening; she is very kind, she tells me."

Very kind! who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? I felt the tears coming to my eyes at such a sudden vision of this son doing girl's work, while his poor old mother held the book in her twisted hands, and tried to help him to learn.

"But all this does not earn money, my boy. How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?"

"Oh, I don't do girl's work all day; no, indeed! I have worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall down by the river; and Deacon Ball let me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he let's me have this team for almost nothing, and I pay to him whatever I make. And I work on the farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell the milk at the tavern; and we have some hens too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the shed for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people about here who haven't any boys."

He added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of his whip.

After this we fell into silence and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us ever nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of his rugged strength—one of the hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; and I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side with a sort of recognition of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff were in them both. It was only a fancy; but it was confirmed the next day, for when I came back to town after seeing my invalid friend, I called on Deacon Ball. I found him white-haired and kindly-faced. He kept the village store and owned a pretty horse, and was evidently very well off. Natural we talked of John, and the deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

"Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I am going to take his money, do you? The only son of his mother and she is a widow, and all tied up into double bow-knots with the rheumatism besides! True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife, she says, sends me to me. Well, deacon, my dear, we've not got a child, and shall be just as well off a hundred years from now if the widow never pays a cent; and 'cording to my calculation it's better to let the boy think he's payin'."

She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin'. It's the mother in him, and it's got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, Mandy and me. I did before I ever saw Mandy; but for all that we hold the mortgage, and Johnny wants to work it out. Mandy and me, we are going to let him work."

I turned away, for I was going to sup at Johnny's house; but before I went I asked the deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

"Well, I don't know; Mandy knows—I pass it to her—she keeps the book. Drop in before you go to the train, and I'll show it to you."

I dropped in, and the deacon showed me the account. It was the book of a savings bank in a neighboring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid; I saw they were standing to Widow Beebe's name. I grasped the deacon's hand. He was looking away

over the house-tops to where Monadnock was smiling under the good-night kiss of the sun.

"Good-by, sir, good-by," he said, returning my squeeze with interest.

"Much obliged, I'm sure, Mandy and me, too; but don't you be worried about Johnny. When we see it, we know real stuff it takes to make a real man—and Johnny has got it; Johnny is like that mountain over there—chock full of grit and lots of backbone."

The Ancient Irish.

It may be surprising to some people to learn that the highlanders of Scotland are descended from Irishmen, but such is the case. Ireland was formerly called Scotia, and ages ago some of its inhabitants emigrated to Scotland, then uninhabited, and their descendants called their country after the birth place of their fathers—Scotia—and in time the name was changed to Scotland.

The ancient Irish were divided into clans, or, as they called it, "Septs," consisting of a number of individuals bearing the same name and supposed to be related. The head of each family was autocratic, but owed allegiance to the supreme chieftain of the whole race. The chiefs were elected from certain families, and during his life time his successor, called the "Tansit," was chosen by the clansmen. The "Tansit" was not necessarily the son of the chief, but was always of the same family. The other officers of the septs were the Brehon, the Druid and the Bard, all hereditary offices. The Brehon was a kind of lawyer and judge. All disputes were submitted to him for judgment, and his decision was final. If convicted of giving a partial decision, he was branded on the cheek. The Druids were ministers of religion, if the pagan rites can be so called, and the Bards were the poets and historians of the tribe.

The following is a description of the way in which the ancient Irish lived and managed their affairs.

"With regard to the tenure of land, the common land of the tribe was enjoyed by all the members. Part was used for grazing purposes, and part was allotted in tracts, for the purpose of cultivation, to the various heads of households. The ownership of the common land was vested in the tribe, and the right of use was based upon tribe-membership only. The leading idea with respect to the specifically appropriated land, was that of a partnership among the male members of the septs. The law of primogeniture was unknown. On the death of any member of a family, his sons, who were householders, both legitimate and illegitimate, took an equal share of his holding by the Irish custom of gavelkind. They were partners with him during his lifetime, and on his death the property survived to them as co-owners in undivided shares. In later times a quit-rent was demanded on each holding by the chief; but the land was never held on the condition of the rendering of anything in the nature of feudal service. A very curious custom sometimes prevailed in the distribution of the appropriated lands, under which, where circumstances would permit of it, an organization sprang up known as the 'Gallfine system.' The original acquirer of the land, as each of his sons grew up, and was ready to leave the home, gave him his share in the paternal acres, and planted him out to maintain a household of his own. This was done successively to the number of four sons, if he had as many; the fifth and youngest remained with his father and inherited the original home. The father and four sons formed a family group of five households, which went by the name of the Gallfine, or 'right-hand group' from the five fingers on the hand (gilla). The youngest son, in his turn, when he had succeeded to the residue of the property and his sons grew up, planted them out one by one on portions of the remainder of the family land. He and his four sons then became the Gallfine, and his brothers' four households were in this way pushed further off from the household of the septs, and were known as the Deirbhline, or 'particular group.' The youngest and fifth son of the new Gallfine chief, in his turn, repeated the process, forming for himself and his sons a fresh Gallfine on his own account. The last Gallfine then became the Deirbhline in his turn, and the old Deirbhline became the Iarlaine, or 'after group.' Again the process was repeated, and yet another and

newer Gallfine was formed, 'each group, as before, took the place of the group more remotely related, and the Iarlaine became the Iuline, or 'end group.' Here the process ceased, and no further subdivision was made. Each group acquired a separate, instead of an undivided share of the paternal acres, and became a fresh strip, retaining the tract allotted to it, and repeating the plotting out of its own share in its own way. Each family worked out on this plan consisted of seventeen households—four in each of the four groups, plus the original home. Where a group became extinct, the lands were taken per stirps by the other groups of the family. On failure of a male representative, the land reverted to the tribe; though, in later days, when the tribe system was becoming weakened, the daughters were in such cases permitted to inherit.

Agriculture was very much in its infancy. A little grain was grown by each family for its own support. The principal source of wealth, and the measure of value, as among primitive nations it always has been, and still is, was cattle. The fives were calculated in cows. The cow was the unit of value in all trade dealings. The square measurement of land was based upon the number of cows, which could be supported on a given piece of ground of a given quality. Besides cows, another valuable property was the droves of pigs, which were turned out to get their living on the forest land: the flocks of sheep, which were depastured on the uplands of the tribe; and last, though not least, a breed of small horses remarkable for their fleetness. The ordinary dwellings of the tribes men were small buildings, made of wood and wattles, about seventeen feet in length, with sometimes a detached kitchen in the rear. Their chief's houses were considerably larger, the average length being thirty-seven feet. But though these rude habitations were difficult for ordinary purposes, we can judge from their stupendous sepulchral chambers, built of uncemented stones, such as the cairn of Newgrange and the hill of Dowth, that when occasion required, they could produce something demanding no mean architectural skill. The tribal dwellings were generally built in groups; sometimes perched upon an island in a landlocked mere, sometimes standing out of the water upon rough-hewn, well-driven piles, sometimes comprising a strong natural position upon the high ground, and protected with artificially constructed earthworks. The strength and size of their hill-forts, the raths and duns, must have been very considerable. A strong earthen wall, including a large area, contained the huts of the tribal garrison, and the towering central mound, occupied by the chief, with excavated storehouses for the reception of grain, or a formidable wall of irregular, masonry, ten, twelve or fourteen feet in thickness, formed a circular fortress, which, in those days, must have been well-nigh impregnable.

Trade had been carried on between Ireland and the countries lying round the Mediterranean basin from the earliest times. The staple of the export trade was ores. There was also some traffic in slaves, which were brought over from Britain and the Continent. The great walled road from Dublin to Galway, was the trade highway, which opened up the west.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

The papers have lately told us of a number of distressing deaths by fire. Great hotels and warehouses have suddenly burst into sheets of flame in the night, and frantic people have either perished in the dreadful blaze or throwing themselves from windows have been dashed to pieces in the street. I hope that none of my young friends may ever have to pass through so awful an experience. But if you should be surprised, at night or in the daytime, by the presence of smoke in your rooms, do not lose your wits if you can help it.

Remember at such a moment that although you are in great danger there are friends near who will try, if possible, to come to your assistance. Do not open doors or windows wildly, and waste no precious moments in standing and screaming for help. Instead, think if you can of the straightest way out, quickly wrap a thick shawl or blanket around you, covering your head and your hair, and then creep on your hands and knees to the

door of the stairway. There is always a stair to breathe near the floor.

If you are in the room with others, and a lamp is upset or some floating drapery takes fire, recollect that you must smother the flames by throwing a rug on them, pulling curtains or hangings down, and covering them with a carpet or a quilt, or in some similar way stop the current of air on which fire feeds. If a child's apron catches fire from the grate or stove, wrap a shawl or blanket about the little creature promptly, and roll her on the floor.

You cannot be too careful with regard to matches, candles and lamps. Those of you whose homes are lighted with kerosene or other oils, should ask the person who takes care of them always to fill them in the morning, never do so after nightfall. A properly filled lamp is not likely to explode. Servants should be warned to be extremely careful in the use of kerosene. They should not be allowed to pour it upon their kindling wood in order to light a fire quickly. Make it a rule never to trifle with fire, which is a great comfort in its proper place, but a dreadful foe when beyond our control.—Harper's Young People.

A Very Practical Angel.

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman with three children—one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but she was rudely asked to "start her boot."

A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.

"Antie," said the boy to a lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, Antie, and so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, Antie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them." The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly: "Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting, as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes: "but he is doing angel's work, bless his dear heart!"—Peoria Call.

Mother and Daughters.

The wise mother, says the *Christian Union* thoughtfully and truly, should be the head of her household, and with quiet unobtrusive dignity she should take that place and hold it. Her own not become the subject of her own children. She should not dress them above herself nor beneath their means. Her lace should be finer and her jewels more expensive than her daughters'. Her room should be the better furnished, her life better equipped. Even in these more externalities she should be the queen, her daughters the princesses; the crown should be on her head not on theirs. Thus from babyhood they should be habituated to look up not down on mother. She should find time, or make it, to care for her own culture, to keep her intellectual and art nature alive. They may advance beyond her knowledge; let her look to it that they do not advance beyond her intellectual sympathies. Woo to both of them if she does not keep them well in sight. And therefore she must keep abreast of the age. She knows its thoughts, its sin, its currents, its tendencies.

A man's tongue often betrays him, but he always can count on his fingers.

STUPID BOYS.

There was a boy whose father thought him stupid and used to express his contempt by saying, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac. Yet when the University of Cambridge sought for a successor to the great Newton, stupid Isaac Barrow was the man they selected.

A boy was one day brought to Gen. Salem Towne, labeled as an incorrigible dunce. No master had been able to make him learn, and if Mr. Towne couldn't, he should be apprenticed to a trade. Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him. The boy made a mistake and instantly dodged as if frightened.

"Why do you do that?" asked the master.

"Because I was afraid you were going to strike me."

"Why should you think so?"

"Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake."

"You need never fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." Under this judicious encouragement, the boy showed so much intelligence that he was sent to college. In after years he became a lawyer, an editor, a judge, a governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of War and State. That boy was William L. Marcy, of New York.

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work in a linen factory; and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted, to be sent out, which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!"

"I cannot, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home. But the boy became the learned and famous Dr. Adam Clark.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

American Newspapers in 1883.

From the new edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's *American Newspaper Directory*, which is now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Territories now reach the important total of 11,196. This is an increase of 585 in twelve months. Taking the States one by one, the newspaper growth in some is very considerable. The present total in New York State, for instance, is 1,399—a gain of 80 in the past year. The increase in Pennsylvania is 48, the existing number being 943. Nebraska's total grew from 175 to 201, and Illinois from 890 to 904. A year ago Massachusetts had 420 papers; now the number is 438. In Texas the new papers outnumbered the suspensions by 8, and Ohio now has 738 papers instead of 692. The most remarkable change has occurred in the Territories, in which the daily papers have grown from 43 to 63, and the weeklies from 169 to 243—Dakota being the chief area of activity. The number of monthlies throughout the country grew from 976 to 1,034—while the dailies leaped from 996 to 1,062. The figures given above are exclusive of Canada, which possesses a total of 606. It is interesting to note that the newly-settled regions of the Canadian North-West are productive of newspapers as well as of wheat, for the number of journals issued in Manitoba was nearly doubled during the year.

Norman Lockyer tells in *Nature* how he was astonished, at a little station in the Rocky Mountains, to see a venerable French priest in his usual garb enter the car. "It is simple," he said; "I am very old, and six months ago I was like to die, and I was doing my best to prepare myself for the long journey. In my fancies I imagined myself already in the presence of God, and this question addressed to me: 'How did you like the beautiful world you have left?' I rose in my bed as this thought came into my head, for I had dared to preach of a better world for fifty years while ignorant of this; and I registered a vow that, if allowed to rise from that sickness, I would spend my life in admiring God's work. I am only on my journey round the world."

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APR 5, 1893.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, (published at 102d Street and 70th Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 1.50. These prices are variable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

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The National Convention.

THE National Convention Boom is increasing in volume. Evidently the deaf-mutes are chafing at the delay in appointing the day of meeting. One of our correspondents tells us that it will be in the last week of August. The JOURNAL's reporters are generally pretty well posted, but if this information be true we have received no intimation of it from headquarters. We think a newspaper discussion about a hall, and about members to serve on the local committee of arrangements, is entirely out of order when the individuals and places are mentioned. Suggestions concerning the choice of individuals to form a committee to make arrangements should be sent to the person having the appointing power, and who is conceded to be Mr. Edmund Booth, of Ananias, Ia. As to the place, the Local Committee will doubtless be able to make a selection without any outside assistance. We hope that the coming convention will be productive of good to the deaf and dumb. Those who contemplate presenting papers for discussion, will do well to seize time by the forelock and begin at once, so that in the interval between the completion of said papers and the date of meeting, they will have time to consider and reconsider, to alter and revise, and so improve them, that none of the mistakes which are inherent to hurriedly written articles may occur.

A School for the Deaf and Dumb of Florida.

We are pleased to be able to inform the public that the Legislature of Florida has provided ample means to commence the work of instructing deaf-mutes in that State and the Bill has been signed by the Governor. To Mr. Thomas Hines Coleman belongs the credit for pushing forward and accomplishing this desirable end. Some weeks ago, we reprinted a letter, originally published in the *Floridian*, which gave to our readers a fair idea of the efforts being made to establish an institution in Florida. The letter was simply a private one to the editor of that paper, yet no one can regret that it was published, considering the good that has resulted from it. The *Annals* will have one more American Institution to record in its yearly statistics in January, 1894, and the deaf and dumb will be rejoiced to know that their brethren of the Peninsular State will henceforward receive the benefits of an education.

The *American Annals* for April has just been issued. It is replete with matters of interest to teachers of the deaf and dumb, as well as to the intelligent and educated of our class. The present number contains an article on the "Sense of Dizziness in Deaf-Mutes," written by Dr. James, of Harvard College. Prof. Richard S. Storrs, M.A., of the American Asylum at Hartford, as an article on "Deaf-Mutes and the Combined Method," which is the second of three on methods and discriminations to be made in instructing pupils in institutions for the deaf and dumb. Mr. Storrs is a writer of great strength, candor and fairness, and a perusal of these articles will amply repay any one interested in deaf-mute education. James C. Ballis, B.A., is the author of a sketch of John Allen McWhorter, late Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution. A sketch of the late Joseph H. Jims, who was principal of the Tennessee Institution at Knoxville, is written by Judge John L. Moses, who

is, we believe, a member of the Board of Directors of that Institution. Miss Harriet B. Rogers, Principal of the Northampton School, has "A Reply" to an assertion made by Prof. Storrs in his article in the January number. Alexander Graham Bell, Ph.D., gives an article "Upon a Method of Teaching Language to a very young Congenitally Deaf Child." Institution and Miscellaneous Items occupy the last six pages of the volume.

PITTSBURG, PA.

SAM TAYLOR, THE NOTORIOUS MUTE THIEF AND PICKPOCKET, AGAIN IN CUSTODY—NOTES.

PITTSBURG, PA., April 2.—Sam Taylor, the notorious mute thief and pickpocket, was arrested here on the 27th ult., on a charge of stealing a silver watch. At the hearing in the Mayor's office, the Mayor sentenced him ten days in jail. No doubt your readers will think it strange that he should escape with such a mild sentence, but this is easily explained by the fact that the work-house authorities refuse to receive him on account of his being a mute, and taking this into consideration, the only thing the Mayor could do is to sentence him to the county jail for ten days. This man Taylor is the same person to whom your correspondent referred briefly in one of his former communications, and when the mutes of this city were about congratulating themselves on being rid of one of their class, who, by his conduct has forfeited all rights to sympathy and respect, he turns up in the role of a pickpocket. He has the reputation in police circles here of being the sharpest thief and pickpocket in the city, and while it cannot be denied that he is an exceedingly sharp thief, he is in an educational point of view, very ignorant. It has been his practice that when he found he could not "work" any strangers, he would tackle some of his pupils, and should they happen to elude and get in too close proximity to him, he would whirl around and knock them down. He informed the Mayor he was going to begin work on April 1st, also that he was engaged to be married in June next, but the Mayor thought his story exceedingly thin. The detectives kept up a conversation with him for over an hour, with the hope that he would "let the cat out of the bag," and give a clue to the recent burglaries that have occurred here, but he proved himself entirely too sharp for that, and it was his aware of anything he kept it to himself. Your correspondent is informed that Taylor, a little over two years ago, almost committed a murder on the North Side, by stabbing an abandoned woman in the breast, claiming that she robbed him of fifty cents, but, as usual, he got off with a comparatively light sentence. It is to be regretted that so desperate a person can not receive more severe punishment, as such light sentences as he has been receiving are only calculated to encourage him in his life of reckless adventure and lawlessness, and such a life as he has started upon must sooner or later come to a tragical death upon the scaffold, and he will soon come to a realization of the fact that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A few days since, a deaf man, named Charles McMillan, was struck by an engine on the railroad near Massillon, Ohio. One of his legs was crushed in a horrible manner and the other broken. He died from the shock within three hours after the accident. He was fifty years of age and unmarried.

The coming 4th of July picnic is all the talk among the mutes here, and a grand time is looked for. "Anon" desires to express thanks to "Imperator" for the welcome, and hopes to see many more of his ("Imperator's") communications in the JOURNAL.

ANON.

What About The National Convention?

Why don't somebody blow a bugle blast and call attention to the fact that this is the year appointed for the holding of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes? Let deaf-mutes all over the land be reminded of the forthcoming convocation, so that as many as possible may make a determined effort to save some spare money, and so arrange their plans as to be able to go there. There should be a fair number of representatives from every State in the Union to make the Convention truly National in character. It would be a great relief to the monotony of our silent lives, if we could meet each other once in a while. There are many of them who have never seen each other, but, through the telephonic medium of the JOURNAL, have become as familiar to each other as if they were next-door neighbors. There are a good many topics we might discuss with a view to bettering our condition in our intercourse with the world at large. For one, I would be glad to see what is going on in regard to the preparations for the event. The selection of New York City as the place, affords the deaf-mutes of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, a better opportunity to attend, and I believe it would be a real treat to become personally acquainted with many of them. The time for holding the Convention is only a few months off, and it needs some advertising to wake up the natives.

D. W. GEORGE.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. A. H. Hanson, Oberlin, O., is visiting friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Maggie E. Fells, of Louisville, has gone to Danville, Ky., where she will remain until July.

George Robinson will manage the farm of Mr. Wm. Gronso, near Rodlick, Ill., during the coming summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who were married near Jackson, Mich., will live near Coldwater, where Mr. Miller has lived all his life.

Those who want to subscribe for some stock in a new bank in one of the richest counties of the State may write for full particulars to Wm. Allman, Sturgis, Michigan.—*Ade*.

Emil Basch, of New York City, is anxious to have the Social Union re-organized, and desires the old members to put their shoulders to the wheel and make it the best society in the city.

John W. Hess was in Cincinnati, O., for two weeks, during the time of the great flood. He met a deaf-mute named Frank Wood, who works in the watch-case factory at Newport, Ky.

The newly-appointed committee on Lectures and Debates of the Manhattan Literary Association, are engaged in selecting interesting subjects for debates. On April 12th, an exciting debate is expected to take place.

Wm. M. Allman, of Sturgis, Mich., was taken in by the impostor, Edward Edwards. He handed him thirty dollars, taking a gold watch-chain and bracelet as security. The sale of these articles brought him just ten dollars.

The tramp, Coltz, who was injured a few days ago at the east end of Galitzin Tunnel, is in the Blair County Almshouse. It appears he was a great fraud, a paper having been found on his person soliciting alms, alleging that he was deaf and dumb, whereas he is possessed of all his faculties unimpaired.—*Johnston (Pa.) Tribune*.

Prof. Thomas B. Harris, the deaf-mute crayonist, watchmaker and jeweler, called to see us this morning, in company with Prof. Ferguson, the able Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Prof. Harris is here to solicit orders in his line. He is highly competent to perform all work entrusted to him, and is every way reliable and meritorious. He brings with him the highest recommendations. We therefore take great pleasure in introducing him to our good citizens, who will doubtless give him encouragement by giving him their orders.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Capitollian Advocate*, March 24, 1893.

Handsome Done.

(*Baton Rouge La., Capitollian Advocate*) The day before yesterday we received the accompanying note, enclosing an extract from a correspondent to the N. O. *Picayune*, wherein it is stated that the pupils at the Deaf and Dumb Institution are in need of some type and printing material. The generous offer contained in the note, speaks for itself, and sets an example worthy of imitation. It is as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, March 21, 1893.
To Gen. L. Jastranski, *Baton Rouge, La.*:
DEAR SIR—Please inquire into the wants of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, in the way of type material, order same and approve bill for payment by me.
Yours truly,
INDRECK NEWMAN, SR.

A Wail from a Press Room.

Special Agent Wilson, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to-day called the attention of Mr. Blake, the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor at the office of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, to the case of Thomas Hunt, aged seven years, whom he found seated on a counter in the press room of a morning paper last night. Hunt, about two years ago, was sick with intermittent fever, and when he recovered his eyes were seriously affected, and he was found to be hopelessly deaf. Although having the use of his voice now, he is unable to converse, as he had learned but little when he was taken sick and could learn nothing since. His parents reside at No. 34 De-brosches street. His father keeps a fruit stand at Franklin and West streets, and his mother aids in the support of the family by washing. Hunt is a bright looking boy, and is well known in the lower part of the city. Superintendent Blake will have him placed in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb on Washington Heights.—*New York Evening Telegram*, March 23.

Too Thin.

When William Foster came out, he looked around him in the greatest astonishment, and after a time turned to the dock and signified by signs that he was deaf and dumb.

"Well, you are a pretty subject to get drunk, I must say," exclaimed his Honor. "Where do you live?"

"What are you doing here?"

Another shake.

Then the court wrote the first question on a slip of paper and handed it over, and the prisoner took the pencil, ran out his tongue, and after a great effort wrote in answer: "I live in Tawrowton."

"Oh, you do? They ought to have learned you how to spell before they let you travel. You were not only drunk, but ugly, and something ought to be done in your case."

There came a period of silence as the court looked the man over. The prisoner stared around him in a stupid manner, but gave a start of surprise as a spectator rose up, and called out:

"Your Honor, can I speak?"
"Yes, sir."
"The prisoner is shamming on you."
"You are a liar!" promptly replied the deaf and dumb man.
He tried to take it back, but the jig was up and he went to the Work-House for ninety days.—*His Honor and Bijou*.

Ten deaf-mutes attended Dr. Gallandet's lecture at Hookick Falls, N. Y., on March 18th.

Frank Shoeloford, a former pupil of the Alabama Institution, died recently in Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. A. E. Johnson is the new matron of the Alabama Institution, though she has been engaged in that capacity several times.

Raleigh (N. C.) has a deaf and dumb fireman. When his comrades want to attract his attention they simply turn the hose on him.

Prof. J. A. Hoge, of the Alabama Institution, bought a valuable piece of property in Birmingham, Ala., a growing city, lately.

The friends of Mrs. Pollett will regret to learn that she was taken ill suddenly on March 23rd with gastric fever and pneumonia.

The Mexico, N. Y., *Independent*, of March 28th, says Mr. Henry C. Rider was elected warden senior of Grace Church, on Monday.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mann attended a reception given by Bishop and Mrs. Badell at the Kennard House, Cleveland, Thursday evening, March 29th.

Frank J. Whittle has been working in Woods' paint shop, in Hookick Falls, N. Y., for the past seven years. He expects to visit this city next summer.

Lidore Straus, the only Hebrew mute in Alabama, a former pupil of the Alabama Institution, is shoe-making in Montgomery. He is an energetic fellow.

Russell Smith has hidden adieu to Omaha, Neb., and gone to Des Moines, Ia., where he proposes to remain. He appears to be deeply interested in the Hawkeye State.

Mrs. Walker, the Vermont milderess, who was hanged on March 30th, was deaf, and the Sheriff did not read her the warrant of execution, but handed it to her on a slip of paper.

The Rev. W. H. Van Antwerp, rector of St. Paul's Church, Des Moines, Iowa, writes to Rev. Mr. Mann that five deaf-mutes were confirmed by Bishop Perry, on Passio Sunday.

Mrs. Paulin, of Philadelphia, is a remarkable lady. She is seventy-two years of age, her hair is black, and she seems as bright and lively as a lady of fifty. She has two grand-children.

The friends of Mrs. F. A. Briggs, of Chelsea, Mass., gathered at her residence on Wednesday evening, to honor her birthday, and presented her with a silver casket. A nice collation was served and a good time was had.

There was a very interesting sermon at the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Boston, by Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallandet, last Sunday afternoon. A large number of deaf-mutes were present. Mrs. Louisa O. Parselle, of Boston, was baptized.

On Sunday, March 25th, Mr. Paul S. Morley, of Saratoga, Pa., walked a distance of six miles to Brookfield, O., to visit Mr. John McGurdy. He said he was going to get a job at printing in Beaver Falls, where he can earn more money than on the Sharon *Herald*.

It is said that a deaf and dumb book agent has been travelling through Nebraska and has been pretty successful in his efforts. The people were so pleased in the novelty of a book agent who couldn't talk the right arm off a person, that they patronized him liberally. The book agent of the future should be deaf and dumb.—*Peck's Bazaar*.

A correspondent having read in the JOURNAL, that a deaf-mute shoemaker of Massachusetts, expects to go to Philadelphia in search of work, writes us that he would advise the gentlemen not to go to that city. He says that some deaf-mutes in Philadelphia are idle, and that four or five shoemakers have had no work for a long time, three of whom have wives.

A correspondent, writing from Alabama, says: "Prof. J. H. Johnson, Jr., son of the Principal of the Alabama Institution, is my ideal teacher for the deaf-mutes. It is my desire that Hal should stay in the Institution, for he, like his worthy sire, is specially interested in the welfare of the education of the deaf-mutes. It was through his efforts that some valuable changes in educational and mechanical departments were made. I fondly look forward with expectations that he will ultimately succeed his honored father as Principal."

Joseph Kolhoff, Jr., the Detroit merchant tailor, has moved his establishment from No. 212 Woodward avenue to No. 69 Grand River avenue, about one square west of the Industrial school building. Mr. Kolhoff has just purchased a large stock of goods for spring and summer wear, consisting of the latest designs in cassimeres, wools, cloths, vesting, etc., which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable styles, promptly, and at prices that mercantile tailors cannot equal. Mr. Kolhoff is a mute, and has in his employ six to ten mute workmen, who are as complete masters of their profession as can be found anywhere.—*Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

A Mute Prisoner.

Thomas Howard, of 516 South Fifteenth street, Philadelphia, a few days ago at the Central Station, detailed how, on Sunday night last, at Twentieth and Pine streets, he was knocked down and robbed of a gold watch and a ring. The articles were pawned and were recovered by Detectives Bond and Donaghy, who traced the thief to a young man who said he had purchased it for \$5 from Samuel Sleat, a deaf-mute, who was arrested. The sleight, who refused to make any statement, was sent to prison on the charge of highway robbery.

The World's Champion Checker Player.

A man with a grip-axe and large cane, dressed like a farmer and looking as if he had just blown in from the backwoods, came to town. The stranger was James Wiley, the champion checker player of the world. Mr. Wiley is a Scotchman, and has beaten the best players that the world has produced, and now he is regarded by all as the champion. He is about sixty years of age. His hair is white, and, like Horace Greeley, he wears a beard under his chin. His deafness makes it impossible to carry on a conversation with him. He sits quietly, not taking his eyes off the board, and talking no notice of those about him, or anything except the game. He wears glasses, and has an intelligent and kindly face and good head. He has done nothing else but play checkers ever since he was fifteen years of age. His game cannot be beaten. He looks away into a game, and before an ordinary opponent has commenced he has won the game. He makes a good living by playing as there are plenty of enthusiasts who willingly give twenty-five cents to play with him, and plenty more who will give that amount to see him play. He lives in Scotland, and has been in this country about six months, although this is not his first visit.—*Elmira Free Press*.

Paul S. Morley, late of the Sharon, Pa., *Herald* office, has secured a position on the Beaver Falls *Tribune*. His address is Beaver Falls, Pa.

Mr. R. Gelder, of Jewell Junction, Ia., is working on the C. & N. W. Railroad, and gets \$2 per day. He says he will visit New York next year, if he has plenty of money.

Fred. N. Cocagne, after paying a visit of two weeks to Mr. John Tooley and family and Miss Alice Dickinson, returned to Cape Vincent, N. Y. He will work at unloading cars and barges, and will get twenty-five cents per hour.

A young physician informed a pretty deaf lady patient, who was suffering from chronic sore throat, that the only sure cure for it was a beard. "That's of no interest to me," she replied, "I've got no beard." "True," said he, "but you can use mine as often as you want to." They were married a few months later.

Mr. J. F. Brown, of Greene, R. I., expects to commence driving a four-in-hand drawing railroad this month. His father has opened a new saw mill, and has plenty of business. Mr. Brown will probably sojourn a few days in Providence next May. He expects to attend the National Convention in this city next fall.

Last Sunday evening, a service was held in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., in behalf of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallandet made an interesting address, in which he spoke of the methods used in the education of the deaf and dumb. A large number of speaking persons and a few deaf-mutes were present.

Mr. V. B. Wright, Secretary of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, writes:—"Our friend, Mr. Thomas Brown, called my attention to 'Brother Jonathan's' notice printed in your valuable JOURNAL on March 8th. I saw 'Brother J.' about the notice, and he said he did not write the words 'of organizing a deaf-mute mission' in this State, and that it was a printer's error. Now, it is all right, and we hope no other mission will be organized in opposition to the G. S. D. M. Mission. 'Brother Jonathan' only wants to know how soon the Mission expects to have another meeting.

A recent number of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, in an article, 'Give credit,' accuses us of violating the Eighth commandment. 'Thou shalt not steal.' It says: 'In the last issue of the Knoxville, Tenn., Observer, there are no less than four or five items that have been stolen from the JOURNAL, and the editor who makes a practice of circulating other papers out of their just deserts, is not adhering to the principles of Christianity; nor do we believe any honest man would, after reflection, feel that he was acting honorably in patronizing a paper that unblushingly appropriated to itself the benefits resulting from items and articles stolen from another paper.' We admit there is just reason for complaint, and also apologize for the unintentional oversight in not giving the JOURNAL credit, but just here we take occasion to say that, 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.' For memory recalls to us the fact that a few years ago, after the close of our school, which always gives the JOURNAL, and the editor who makes a practice of patronizing a paper that unblushingly appropriated to itself the benefits resulting from items and articles stolen from another paper." We admit there is just reason for complaint, and also apologize for the unintentional oversight in not giving the JOURNAL credit, but just here we take occasion to say that, 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.' For memory recalls to us the fact that a few years ago, after the close of our school, which always gives the JOURNAL, and the editor who makes a practice of patronizing a paper that unblushingly appropriated to itself the benefits resulting from items and articles stolen from another paper."

[All right, Brother Houghton, we are all liable to err at times. We did not insinuate that the Observer intentionally wronged the JOURNAL. If any items have been purloined from the Observer in years gone by and credit withheld, we were unaware of the fact.

"So here's a hand, my honest friend, An' gi' us a hand o' thine."]

A Professional Impostor.

LOWELL, March 27.—An able-bodied man, between forty and fifty years of age, giving the name of A. Kendall, pretending to be a lawyer, was arrested here to-day. He went about the street among business men, presenting a petition asking for aid on pretense of being a deaf-mute. His vocal organs and sense of hearing were found to be all right. It was learned from his diary that he was a professional impostor; that he had made a complete tour of the principal cities of Canada, and had also bled people in Boston. He had \$10.32 on his person, and he doubtless has money on deposit.—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Mirror and American*.

A Card.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 1, 1893.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I emphatically deny and denounce the item published in the JOURNAL some weeks ago, that I, the undersigned, broke up the Sunday School meetings of this city, as utterly false and without any foundation whatever; neither had I the least intention of organizing a Literary Society. What I said about a literary society was only a mere suggestion if it was possible to do so.

My only motive for resigning as a member and as an officer of said Sunday School, was because I was denied any authority to act as an assistant Superintendent and Secretary, to which I was assigned by a rising vote when I re-organized the said Sunday School in July, 1892. Mr. Corwin desired to have all the management of the same, as he evidently thought it great honor. Besides that, becoming disgusted with the manner in which the members treated an officer who did all in his power to aid them as best he could, by their vile slander.

Very respectfully,
CHAS. ED. STEINWENTER.

THE PEET MEMORIAL.

The Fanwood Literary Association, which is composed of the teachers and advanced pupils of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, have elected Messrs. R. B. Lloyd, W. G. Jones and E. E. Smith, a Committee to collect subscriptions for the erection of a memorial for the late Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet. This is in response to an oft-repeated suggestion from many graduates of the New York Institution. A bust on a pedestal is thought to be the most appropriate form for the memorial, and it is hoped that sufficient funds for the completion thereof will be rapidly subscribed by the thousands of deaf-mutes and their friends who have known Dr. Peet long and intimately.

Agents will soon be appointed at all important points, to whom subscriptions may be paid. Their names will be announced in the JOURNAL. Contributors are cautioned against paying money to any but the authorized agents of the Committee. Money may also be forwarded to any member of the Committee, and will be promptly acknowledged either through the JOURNAL or by mail.

R. B. LLOYD,
Chairman Committee.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Term Examination.

MOST GRATIFYING RESULTS.

Briefs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

To-day the professors and students are taking a short rest previous to the opening of the last term, which begins on Monday. There is a general feeling of continued satisfaction evident in the countenances and conversation of every body, and certainly there is good cause for it. In the history of the college, no examinations have been so severe in their character, and on no occasion has the averages been so high. In order to give a faint idea of what sort of work was presented for solution, and also to show how high the standard has advanced, we have copied the following from a notice which appeared on the bulletin board the day after examination:

"Professor Gordon hereby extends his cordial congratulations to the gentlemen in his classes, all of whom have passed satisfactory examinations. It is not necessary to add that the examinations in chemistry and trigonometry were as severe as in any College in the United States. The latter paper was selected from Cambridge University, England, examinations. The Geometry paper will compare favorably with the Lawrence Scientific school connected with Harvard College."

This sentiment was re-echoed by President Gallandet, when giving the returns yesterday morning. No list was required, for the names of the successful students appeared before him in their faces. Commencing with the Senior Class, he called out name after name until every student had been named. Not one student failed in examination. As the President remarked, this is a rare instance of such high results. Few colleges, if any, can point out such a record, and it indicates that the hopes which the Faculty have long entertained are likely to be fulfilled.

Perhaps some who reads this will be inclined to believe that the result was owing to a low standard. However, the circular, which has been quoted above, proves that there has been no lowering of the standard. On the contrary, it has recently been advanced, and, commencing with the class of '86, the Calculus will be an addition to the course in Mathematics. We have frequented noticed some rather sarcastic comments on the small number of students in College at present, as compared to the large numbers in attendance a few years ago. Some would take this as a proof that the College is a failure. There was never a greater mistake, for the tendency has ever been toward a high standard, and this has been attained even though at the expense of numbers. If there are fewer men in the college to-day than there were some years ago, there are, on the other hand, a large number of regular students than previously. All things considered, we can say that the college advances forward with the spirit of the age, and its work is growing more satisfactory as its years increase.

BRIEFS.

In about four weeks Presentation Day will be here.

Miss Grace Gallandet is spending her spring vacation at home.

There will be a Sunday School Concert on the afternoon of April 8th.

On Saturday next, the Students' Literary Society will elect officers for the third term.

Mr. Donaldson has retired from the position of Junior, which he has held for the last fifteen years.

There will be no necessity for conditioned examinations this term.

Some of the alumni are more ready in giving unnecessary advice than responding to respectful pecuniary solicitations.

The Kendalls will probably play a practice game with the semi-professional Waverly Club during the coming week.

There is about an even chance that we will have an open road in front of the college by May 2d.

A heavy snow storm has set in, and the drifts are beginning to pile up. This means bad roads for the next week or two.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, March 31, 1893.

The National Convention.

Mr. Henry White appears to be laboring under the delusion that something is wrong about the work of the National Committee, of which the venerable Edmund Booth is Chairman, and he is trying hard to solve the question whether the power to appoint a local committee of arrangements is vested in the President of the Association or in the National Committee. If, instead of wasting so many words in asking anxiously whether this Committee was exercising undue authority while making arrangements for holding the next Convention, as if he was afraid that the President of the Association was in danger of becoming nothing more than a mere "figure head, a personage without authority in our meetings," Mr. White had gone to one of the

libraries of Boston, and looked over the reports of conventions, State or National, political or otherwise, he might, without difficulty, have found an answer to his question. For instance, if he had looked into the Tenth Convention of American Instructors of Deaf-Mutes, he would have found evidences of the power to appoint a local committee of arrangements resting with the same committee which has the power to determine time and place; at least, he would have found nothing which indicates positively that the appointment of such a committee is made by the President of the Teachers' Association.

If either Mr. Booth or Mr. McGregor, or both, are in doubt as to whether the President or the National Committee should exercise this power of appointing a committee of arrangements, they could come to an amiable understanding on this point without Mr. White's intervention.

A. C.

GEO. W. SCHUTT'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lansburg,	April, 1st.
Cornwall,	" 8th.
Poughkeepsie	

FANWOOD.

FLOATINGS OF A WEEK.

INSTITUTION WAIFS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The man-of-all-work had a narrow escape from serious injury the other day. He was at work in the laundry yard, when a large bundle of clothes was dumped from the fourth story of the school building by some female servants, striking him on the head and hurling him with great force upon another bundle over which he was bending. Had not he fallen on the bundle, in all probability we would be obliged to chronicle a death.

The brother of Louis Lyons took dinner with the pupils Sunday.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were devoted to making fools of themselves by the pupils. We are sick of "Look at that bug!" "See that bee," and it is pleasant to contemplate that no more bugs and bees of that kind will be seen again for a year.

Rev. Allen F. De Camp, of South Egremont, Berkshire Co., Mass., has been appointed pastor of the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, at a salary of \$3,000 a year.

Martina Hasty's birthday fell on Sunday—April first.

Supervisor Howell, W. Rose and G. Fisher, were noticed among the dense crowd at Barnum's Circus Saturday afternoon last.

While Patrick, the Institution coachman, was giving medicine to a sick horse Friday last, the animal suddenly lowered and then as suddenly raised its head striking Patrick on the mouth cutting a deep gash in his lower lip. Dr. Porter sewed it up.

Miss Mary C. Fraser, matron of the Hospital Department, resigned Thursday last. Her place has been filled by her cousin, formerly a supervisor of the girls.

The names of the members of the Peet Literary Society have been printed on the group photograph recently taken by Pach, adding greatly to its appearance.

Barnum's Show is to the pupils what the Vanderbilt Ball was to the fashionable society of New York last week.

James H. Cato, after an absence of three weeks at home, returned to school, Sunday. He reports an immense time.

Theodore L. Lonsbury's brother Willie B. and two of his friends, were up Sunday last.

Two boys and a girl, named McMickle, living in Orange County, N. Y., near the border line between this State and Pennsylvania, were admitted as pupils Monday last.

Eward Dunlap observed All Fools Day at the Institution.

The Committee of the Peet Memorial Fund, Messrs. R. B. Lloyd, W. G. Jones and E. E. Smith, are pushing forward the matter of collecting subscriptions as rapidly as possible. Deaf-mute graduates of this city are manifesting considerable enthusiasm regarding the project. Prof. Jones has been appointed Treasurer in place of Prof. Lloyd, who, as Chairman of the Committee, has his hands full.

Miss Prudence Lewis was absent in Brooklyn, attending the funeral of a relative, on Wednesday of last week.

The photographs of the High Class boys are finished, and were brought to this Institution by Professor of Photography Alex. himself, Tuesday evening of last week. They were well finished. Alex. had a little chat with a young lady teacher while here.

The intellectual air of the printing office was freshened by the entrance of "Cynd Calwalader" Wednesday afternoon of last week.

John L. Lyle, Jr., and Theodore Lonsbury visited Barnum's show, March 28th. They say it is more attractive than ever before.

The boys in the cabinet shop have their hands full making pickets for a new fence which is soon to be erected on the grounds.

Gao. Porter and Anthony Capelli engaged in a Greco-Roman wrestling match, Thursday last. After a gallant struggle, Anthony's shoulders had to touch the floor. Both were pretty well blown at the finish. They tried it again Friday, and again a man Anthony embraced the floor with his back.

A future walking dictionary—W. R. Bow, who is putting into type a page of Gillaudet & Hooker's Dictionary per day.

Supervisor Sloan likes his place in Catskill, N. Y., but says his health has not been very good since he left here.

John Vallely hands us the following: "On Saturday I went home and staid until Tuesday (meaning week before last). On Sunday I attended St. Ann's, and on Monday in company with my sister and cousin, we visited Barnum's circus. Tuesday morning, I visited my friend John Handley, who is confined in the West 11th Street Hospital with a broken arm. I had an enjoyable time."

And still another base ball club. The small fry have organized one called the "Empire State Base Ball Club." The officers are: large boys, consisting of J. Wagle, Captain; J. B. Lloyd, Secretary; H. Bennerman, Treasurer; Committee, Messrs. Valentine, Lloyd and Batterly.

We clip the following from a city paper of a recent date:

"Mr. Adams, Secretary of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, recently

described to a reporter how the inmates of the institution keep time with the music to dance.

"How is it?" asked the reporter, "that deaf people can dance and keep time to music which they cannot hear?"

"Mr. Adams said: 'Solely by the means of sight and feeling. Some of the deaf dancers watch the musicians and keep step in unison with the right hands and arms of those who play the violin. Those who are guided by the sense of feeling, time their movements with the vibrations of the floor upon which the company are dancing.'"

Mr. Joseph L. Clemens, a former night-watch, and who is at present employed as a shirt ironer in Jamesburg, N. J., writes that he was recently in Hightstown, N. J., to see a friend at the Pottsville Institute, and on the way stopped at Wickoff Mill and was surprised to find two deaf-mutes working there. Mr. Clemens expects to visit the New Jersey School next summer.

Julius Lang likes his place in Lynn, Mass., and intends remaining there for the present.

Prof. Carrier was called to Newburyport, Mass., Thursday evening last, by the announcement of his sister's dangerous illness.

Frank A. Wood attended school here last year as a pay pupil. He is now at liberty to return as a State pupil, but does not desire to.

Bridget Fitzgerald, who presided over the boys' linen mending room, has resigned.

Colonel Skinner, formerly President of the Board of Directors of the Staunton, Va., Institution, called Tuesday. His sister was educated at the New York Institution when it was located at 50th Street.

Miss Mary Park, a teacher in a Maine public school, visited the Institution Tuesday last. She has been employed as a proof reader, and took considerable interest in the printing office. She has a brother who is a printer, and the fact was sufficient to raise her considerably in the estimation of the boys.

Among the obituary notes of the New York Tribune, of March 30th, appears that of Charles S. Goodrich, father of Mrs. Newell, of Goshen, N. Y. It is as follows: "Charles S. Goodrich, a well-known surgeon, whose death has already been announced, was born in Pittsfield, Mass. He was graduated from Pittsfield Medical College in 1827. He went to live in Troy, N. Y., soon afterward, and began practice in that city. He was appointed Health Officer during the cholera epidemic in 1832. At the time of the epidemic of 1848, he was a resident of Brooklyn, and received the appointment of health officer of that city. In 1852 he was appointed United States Consul at Lyons, France, by President Fillmore. At the expiration of his term of office, he returned to this city where he was in active practice until the breaking out of the rebellion. He went out with the 102d Regiment of New York Volunteers as surgeon. At the close of the war, he returned to this city, and, having retired from practice, lived quietly until his death at the age of eighty-one. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Newell, of Goshen, N. Y."

Enlarging the Building Fund.

The teacher of the Deaf-Mute Bible Class, Mr. Samuel M. Brown, wishing to aid the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, distributed one hundred and twenty books, each containing twenty imitation bricks, to the members of his class and their friends. The plan was for a person to give ten cents for the privilege of inscribing his name on one of the bricks, but quite a number were willing to contribute twenty-five cents or one dollar for a brick. Some of the collectors collected from \$1 to \$30 in a single day. The plan was found to be very effective, although very simple. Mr. Brown collected \$132.20 between March 1st and March 25th, which sum was presented in church on Easter Sunday, as an offering from the Bible Class. The Class, which meets every Sunday afternoon, after service, in the Sunday School room, numbers about twenty male members.

The following is a list of the amounts contributed to the Building Fund by the Bible Class and their friends:

Donation for the Building Fund, \$130.00

Charles Bryan, 7 books, - 14.00
John A. Dunlap, 15 " - 30.00
Miss Emma V. Reed, 2 " - 4.00
A. A. Barnes, 2 " - 4.00
W. O. Fitzgerald, 8 " - 16.00
Frank Campbell, 6 " - 12.00
Alex. Dezerdorf, 1 " - 2.00
Mrs. H. B. Bailey, 1 " - 2.00
Miss Clara Brady, 2 " - 4.00
E. Somerville, 1 " - 2.00
Mrs. W. Buhle, 1 " - 2.00
James Jones, 1 " - 2.00
Miss M. E. Ryer, 1 " - 2.00
A. Weinberger, 1 " - 2.25
I. N. Super, 1 " - 2.25
Mrs. M. M. Brown, 1 " - 2.00
Miss Emma Ludwig, 1 " - 2.00
Miss Gustie Berley, 1 " - 2.00
Henry Steigle, 1 " - 2.00
Cash, 1 " - 2.00
J. L. Longan, 1 " - 1.00

The ones marked * got more than the prices agreed upon for each brick. One hundred and forty dollars, twenty cents, has been raised by the plan up to date.

CLEMENT THOMPSON,
Secretary Bible Class.
NEW YORK, March 29, 1883.

All things seem easy to the mute who has never tried to do any thing.

COLUMBUS.

Another Social.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The week has been an event of great stillness, even the changes that have been going on hardly caused a ripple upon the surface of this monotonous yet busy life. We are a multitudinous people, each striving conscientiously, faithfully and uprightly to do his or her share of the great responsibility that rests upon us all. The legislature knows the man at the helm of the State, and the Governor knows his men, even the gentlemen composing the Board of Trustees for this great institution. The Board have every confidence—not blindly, however—in the several heads of this educational Asylum, who in turn require not only but see to it that the conduct of their subordinates, whether teachers or those filling other positions, is above suspicion in the practices of their daily duty. As is generally the case in every walk of life, there are evil-minded persons who would be assassins of character or reputation; failing in that, become mud-throwers, and it is not very surprising if they succeed occasionally through some irresponsible paper in sending abroad unsavory sensations that had their origin in anything but truth.

Another social took place in the Girls' Play-room last week Tuesday evening, thus making two gay events for the month of March. The extra one was to make up for that which was omitted in the early part of the fall term, owing to the continued temporary occupancy of that basement for the carpentry business. The "A" floor scholars seemed to be greatly pleased at the very early return of their opportunity for another wee party. As we got there only half an hour before it was over, we found them at the height of their delight of enjoyment, and could hardly resist being drawn into the current of joy and pleasure with the little innocents. The flight of their pleasant time was soon arrested by the serving of a delicious collation. After prayer by Mr. Halse, the dear little ones went smiling to the realms of their happy dreams. The teachers, both resident and non resident, were there in good force, and also a very fair representation of the city mute population was present.

A German entertainment was given at the Grand Opera House in this city by Prof. Haupt's Natural Method German class. The object of the entertainment was to give the public, and especially those desiring a practical knowledge of German, an idea of what can be accomplished by this method. Prof. C. N. Haskins, of this Institute, who is still one of the class, recited "The English Lord and the German Professors." The various exercises were interesting, and received much applause from the audience, which was one of the largest that ever congregated in the Grand Opera House.

The prospects of a large wheat crop in Ohio this year is not very encouraging, owing to the great severity of the weather during the winter season.

Charles Daniels, a pupil in the primary department of this Institution, carries his right arm in a sling, having dislocated it by a fall in the gymnasium.

Mr. James M. Park, who resigned his position as teacher of this Institution, to take effect on the 11th instant, has been making extensive preparations for an early start for the golden State. He will go before the middle of this month.

The Ohio Legislature is still in session, but its end is drawing near.

Miss Hatlie Coggeshall, one of the articulation teachers of this Institute, has been compelled to resign by the hopeless condition of her health. We shall miss her greatly from this field of usefulness.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature, which contemplates the addition of another story to the State House. It is more than probable that it will pass and become a law. The Ohio "idea" is a growing one, and therefore needs more room.

Another door has been displaced by a window. This time it is the north door in the southeast corner of the Bookbinding shop of this Institution. A new one has been constructed out of one of the south windows half way between this and the southwest corner.

Charles McMillan, a railway employee, walking on the track, at Massillon, O., was killed by the backing of a locomotive, the signals of which he did not hear because he was deaf.

Exchange. We do not find his name on the list of our graduates. He was probably not of our own people.

A Miss Dunbar, a mute aged sixteen, who lived on Main Street, Cincinnati, O., has been missing from her home, and, at last accounts, friends were still looking for her.

In respect to the memory of the late Postmaster General Howe, and in compliance with an order of the Acting Postmaster General, our city post-office was closed from 2 to 5 p.m. Wednesday. The afternoon mail for this Institute was not received until the next day with the morning's mail.

The shop in which Messrs. George Evans and Ira Crandon work at Springfield, O., has been closed for

repairs and improvements. The aforesaid gentlemen will have two months' vacation.

Mrs. Jacob Wilson, of Independence, Ky., is now at Mrs. Annie Sparks, Covington, of the same state, help to nurse the aged sick lady, Mrs. Hoagland.

Mr. John Hahn, of Cincinnati, O., is at last, a victim of the sick list. His sister, Mrs. Luening, is taking good care of him.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Springfield, O., is contemplating a visit to Columbus soon. Her friends will be very glad to see her.

It is thought that the Columbus Base Ball Management will give our mute player Dandan a chance in the April games.

Mother Perry bade farewell to this Institution and Columbus on Monday, April 2d, at 9:55 a.m., for Cincinnati, O., where she will spend a couple of weeks with friends, and then start on her way California ward.

Marion Ensley, another pupil of the Primary Department, met with an accident in the gymnasium, last Saturday. His left arm now lies in a sling, the hurt being more serious than that of the other elsewhere mentioned.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

"News! News!! Nothing but News!" is the cry of the average newspaper editor. Why not? Is not it the business of a newspaper to furnish news to its readers? But what is news? It greatly depends upon to whom the news is to be conveyed. A newspaper often happens to be chock full of what passes for news, yet there may be scores of readers who can find but a single item of news.

They pass the rest by as so much rubbish. But who can say that even one in a thousand readers ever fails to pick up an item here and there that interests him. It may not be news to the general reader to be informed that Mrs. Jones' baby has got a new tooth, but to Mrs. Smith, who happens to know Mrs. Jones, the item is of vast importance.

Well, I am not very well acquainted with the number of teeth Mrs. Jones' baby has cut up to date; consequently I can not undertake to furnish Mrs. Smith news either for love or money. Somebody else will have to be served somehow or other.

First and foremost, I must mention an item that is chiefly interesting to myself, viz: "Tip," my big, burly Newfoundland "dorg," is still alive, and kicking and barking and biting and scratching and growling and snoring and running and jumping and "chawing" up boots, bones, biscuits and the ill-natured canines of the neighborhood. One day, the whole family, with the exception of Tip, went out visiting. Tip took an exception to the exception. He wanted to visit too. Being locked in the house, but not chained, he coolly demolished a window-pane, and then commenced chewing up the shutters and shaking them until they opened.

At one bound, he was then free in the wide, wide world, the happiest dorg alive. With the assistance of his nose and swift feet, he soon overtook his astonished master. His happiness was soon ended by his being taken back and securely chained.

Another item of great importance to myself is the fact that his majesty E. N. Bowes honored us with a call. He had left his cows, chickens, wife and children at home, all doing very well. He was on his way to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where he intended to stay a few days to recuperate for the spring and summer campaign. He also proposed to extend his tour to New Orleans to realize the proceeds of some fortunate investments he made down there. He was in very good humor, and entertained us with some specimens of his rare power as a conversationalist. He displayed a knowledge of current events which showed that he reads the daily news papers very attentively. He has invented a motor to run a churn and save a good deal of time and labor. He says it will enable old women to do the churning and go ahead with their work at knitting mittens, darning socks or reading the newspaper. All that is necessary is to take a seat and set the machine in motion with the foot on a contrivance similar to that which runs sewing machines. He claims that it will make butter come in 15 minutes. He is after a patent for his invention. He thinks there is millions in it.

Dr. Gillett is 50 years old to-day. We had two legislative visits within two weeks of each other lately. Judging by the doubtful looks of the last committee, as they made their first appearance upon the platform of our chapel, it looked like we were going to have a visitation instead of a visit. But an exhibition of the grotesque features of our sign-language, by Mr. Thomas Rogers and John Stout, quickly smoothed their ruffled visages with the broad smiles of pleased satisfaction. Miss L. Getty recited a poem in signs, and her little pupil, Mervie Connor, the Lilliput of our Institution, delivered a sweet and graceful little prayer upon her knees. This last had considerable effect upon the "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors" for they, each and all of them, insisted upon grabbing the tiny hand of the little pet.

Mr. John Stout gave a pantomimic description of how a pioneer clergyman had created a sensation by wearing a pair of buckskin breeches behind the pulpit. The breeches had been put away during the hot season. A number of hornets had taken ad-

vantage of the repose of the breeches to build a nest therein. The preacher chose for his text Exodus xliii., 28: "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee." The parson soon began to wax warm upon the growing iniquity of his congregation, and to point out the dreadful visitation which Providence threatened upon all who refused to mend their wicked ways. He became violent in his gesticulation, using his arms, legs, feet and fists with great vehemence. This exercise disturbed the hornets in the breeches, and they began to make their presence felt. This only increased the activity of his gesticulation and the fervor of his eloquence, as he hurled forth his fiery denunciation of the godless sinners. At length, the hornets succeeded in attracting the attention of the parson to his pantaloons. He broke down in the middle of the sermon, declaring that he must be possessed and beat a hasty retreat. This story and the novel mode of telling it was too much for the gravity of the legislators. They were well pleased with the progress of the work here, and will report favorably for its further continuance.

The Athletics of our Institution played a game of base ball last Saturday with a colored nine from the city. This was their first game. They came out victors by the score of 36 to 10.

Mr. John Hussey, a recent graduate of our Institution, was in Jacksonville visiting his friends last week. He is quite popular. He works at the shoemaking trade in Litchfield, Ill.

Mrs. De Frates, a deaf-mute widow living in the city, is making arrangements to emigrate to Iowa.

This Institution has twelve deaf persons employed as instructors in the various departments.

Mr. Lester Goodman has a clerkship in the Custom house at Chicago. He is becoming a frequent contributor of well written articles in daily papers of that city. He is a young man of brilliant attainments.

Some of the Cullum Hall boys are making good progress in learning the fascinating game of chess.

By the Cullum Hall boys, we mean those boys of the Academic Department who are provided with elegant and comfortable rooms in a separate building, which is styled Cullum Hall in honor of Ex-Gov. Cullum. The maxim which each occupant of this hall has to carry out in practice is: "Cleanliness is Heaven's first law."

Mr. John Stout, one of the latest graduates of this Institution, is here, continuing his studies in the Art department. In addition to his repertoire of drawing and painting, he is trying to learn sculpturing. He recently made a bas-relief portrait of Dr. Gillett. He does not aim to be a "Jack of all trades," but to be a master of all arts.

Messrs. John Stout and Adolph Jacoby have invested their surplus cash in a bicycle. As we have an abundant supply of physicians, nurses, plasterers, sutures, bandages and other necessary attendants of the mode of locomotion, their friends may rest assured that they will be well cared for in case of an accident.

Miss Hatlie Bartoo has resumed her old position as supervisor of small boys in the cottage. I once read an item, saying that frogs will live fourteen years, unless eaten. So it may be she will keep her position a long time, unless she has one big boy to take care of.

Mr. Alva Jeffords is in luck. His father lately made him a present of a fine farm near Illinois, Ills.

Miss Lillie Gottschall, of Joliet, Ill., is here trying to extend her knowledge of the art of welding the brush and the pencil.

Miss Mamie Peek, who spent considerable time and money to perfect her art education in a Chicago Art School, is now one of the art instructors here. She is very popular with the art students.

Two children of the late Prof. Selah Wait are employed in our Institution. Miss Fannie Wait has her father's last class of pupils. Mr. George W. Wait is one of the boys' supervisors, and he will be wanted in the school-room before long.

D. W. GEORGE.

ANSWER TO "AMERICUS."

The Entertainment Committee of the Guild of Silent Workers, has held several meetings, and at each of them "Americus" proposed having an excursion next summer.

He was told that it was impossible now, but persists in his plan against the wishes of the wisest members of both the Entertainment and Executive Committees.

The members of the Guild and the public generally, are warned against believing that the Entertainment Committee is not doing its duty, for such is not the case.

Said Committee is doing all in its power to forward the objects of the Guild, and all the complaints come from a single, and by no means an important, member of said committee.

I can add that the Executive Committee is perfectly satisfied with the way in which I can manage my committee. Another thing, when a member of the lower committees is dissatisfied with his chairman, he should complain to the Executive Committee, instead of rushing into print like a school-boy. The whole transaction is simply a new illustration of the poet's words: "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

WM. O. FITZGERALD,
Chairman Entertainment Com.

ST. LOUIS.

Prof. Simpson's Lecture.

OTHER CHATTER FROM THE FUTURE GREAT.

We have been having a week of the most miserable weather "old Probs." ever dished up. Not a single glimpse of "old Sol." has greeted our longing looks, and mud reigns everywhere. If this city is in possession of a street commissioner, he wisely keeps out of the way of our wrathful citizens. After wasting a great deal of precious time and muscle (which might have been better employed at something else) on our "flat boats," the poetic muse seized us, and we lashed up the following atrocious ditty, for which we hope to be forgiven:

"On if I had the street commissioner,
I'd break his holy head;
I'd dance on him, I'd prance on him
Until he was as dead (as Hamlet's ghost)."

Saturday evening, March 24th, the time announced for Prof. Simpson's lecture, found the streets horrible, and to make things worse, the rain came down steadily all the time. However, in spite of this, nearly all the St. Louis Club members and six of our fairest belles turned out to see if the lecture was good or not, and were well repaid for their trouble.

Free Trade and Protection was the subject chosen, and Mr. Simpson had given the thing a good deal of study, and explained the advantage and disadvantage of each in a capital way. Mr. Simpson was decidedly in favor of free trade, and made a good many points in favor of it. The lecture lasted for an hour and a half, and at the close he expressed himself as ready to hear all who had objections to make. Several of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity, and related some comical yarns about how America dodged the German prohibition. After that, Mr. Guss moved that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Simpson, which was done. Then the merry crowd dispersed for their domesticities. The ladies present were Mrs. D. A. Simpson, Misses Nettleton, Sallie Fisher, Celia Heffernan, and two others whose name escaped our treacherous memory; but we pause to remark that Miss Emma Muey was there, too—couldn't overlook her.

There was to have been another surprise party, but a little somewhere caused the project to go glimmering.

Our stupid fellow quill-driver says "Charley Wolff just came out with a 'laisy cane.' That squib is very old, as our 'Apollo Belvidere' has been carrying that cane since he was a 'knee high to a grass-hopper.' Can't Kerry Patch write something fresh? That sweet young man (Kerry Patch) says we blundered out of our wits. Ha! but it strikes us he should 'practice what he preaches first.' How long it is since our guileless contemporary puffed his fifteen-dollar suit in a way that made the mules laugh at his ironical cheek; he couldn't forget himself so much as not to mention his birthday in his last letter, which was very short, for which every one who has to read his horrible composition is truly grateful. The traitful Kerry Patch says—very one laughs at us, and we are jealous of his gigantic intellect. We must pause to weep and then say that every mute we happen to know makes fun of him (not us) and as for being jealous of his genius, we must add we are very grateful we don't possess his great wisdom nor excellent character either? We hope he will reform and consult a Webster's Unabridged and an English grammar before writing again.

Asabel Merrell got tired of this village last week and emigrated to his father's farm near East St. Louis. We hope his constitution will be strong enough to enable him to join the base ball team the boys are trying to make up. If the base ball project succeeds, territorial quill drivers will shake hands across the "bloody chasm" to give it a lift.

Since our last letter, the boys seemed to have waked up a little; but though several have agreed to risk life and limb on the diamond, nothing actually has been done.

The great Chicago "chicken-raiser," E. U. Bowes, struck St. Louis mud last week, and spent most of his time in one of the Deaf-Mute's Club arm-chairs. He can talk more to the square inch than the whole club could, and told our boss E. J. Perkins so many tall yarns that he was paralyzed when we carried him from the field of battle. Well, after giving us a lot of "taffy," he offered to make us rich as Jay Gould if we would only invest a couple of hundreds in a patent churn agency; but alas, we didn't possess the needful, so his interest in yours truly suddenly ceased. Mr. Bowes tried his little game on all our boys, but we don't know any who yearned for a patent churn. Either he is a crank, or a screw is loose somewhere. Will some Chicago mute let us know if he is all right, and oblige every one down this way. Mr. Bowes told us he was worth half a million sure; then

let another of the boys know on the q. t. that he had a hundred thousand; many other contradictory yarns of his forced us to look at him with an eye of suspicion. If any reliable mute comes to this town, every one will extend a cordial welcome, and show him around; but tramps and such truck will find this a warm place for them.

We write this to correct a wrong impression some may think of St. Louis; any one who doubts needs only come and see what a whole-souled set our mutes are.

Mr. Bowes said our club knocked Chicago out of sight. We think his head is level there.

Poor Kerry Patch has been trying to raise a mistake on his charming mug. We advise him to build a fence around it to keep it from blowing away, or try some beard elixer warranted to bring it every time.

Mrs. Mollie Hardin had a small party last week, and those present enjoyed a good time. The miserable weather and the long way out to where she lives prevented a larger assembly. Messrs. Charles Hardin, G. T. Dougherty and W. E. Gas, were the only gentlemen, and Mrs. Mollie Hardin, Mrs. Delia Guss and Emma Muey, were all the ladies on hand.

High Lumb mourns the loss of his pretty little niece, but philosophical y says what cannot be cured must be endured.

Mrs. D. A. Simpson, who was sick for a long time seems to have recovered her health again, much to the joy of her numerous friends. We hope she will continue to have good health always after this.

Our popular Jersey Lily, Jennie Patten, has removed her home, much to the annoyance of some of the boys who were not told before, and went to the usual old house only to find strangers there.

"Why don't Rev. Job Turner give us a lecture oftener," is what one of the fair girls asked us. As the nut is hard to crack, we would like him to answer it, and we hope he will come this way at an early day to please his many friends.

"Typo," Tom Breen's brother, was in town two or three weeks ago, according to a mute, who saw him, but his stay was very brief.

We shut up till next time.

J. H. JAMES.

NOTICE.

I beg leave to say to the correspondent writing from East Indiana, as well as to all others desiring the services of the Church in sign-language, that they are at liberty to write to me. I am always glad to have them tell me where they can most conveniently meet for worship, and at what hour, and to give information that will aid me in the pursuit of my work. Please notice my address.

Yours sincerely,
A. W. MANN,
5 Chestnut St., Cleveland, O.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a deaf-mute's character.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

St. Louis, 7:30 P.M., - - April 7
" 10:30 A.M., - - " 8
" 3:00 P.M., Confirmation, " 8
Cleveland, 7:30 P.M., - - " 13
Chicago—Business, - - " 14
Chicago, 3:00 P.M., - - " 15
Freeport, 3:30 P.M., - - " 16
Rockford, 7:30 P.M., - - " 17
Cleveland, 10:50 P.M., - - " 22
" 3:00 P.M., Baptism, - - " 22
" 7:30 P.M., Combined service, - - " 22
Tiffin, 7:30 P.M., - - " 23
Mansfield, 7:30 P.M., - - " 24
Cincinnati, 7:30 P.M., - - " 29
" 7:30 P.M., Combined service (Probable), - - " 29
Columbus, 7:30 P.M., - - " 30
Elint, 10:30 A.M., - - May 6
" 3:00 P.M., - - " 6
" 7:30 P.M., Confirmation, " 6
East Saginaw, 7:30 P.M., - - " 7
Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M., - - " 8
Jackson, 7:30 P.M., - - " 9
Albion, 7:30 P.M., - - " 10
Indianapolis, 9:00 A.M., - - " 13
" 2:30 P.M., - - " 13
" 4:00 P.M., - - " 13
Gambier, 7:30 P.M., (Probable), - - " 16
St. Louis, 10:30 A.M., - - " 2

NEW YORK.

National Convention Twittingings. CITY BREEZES.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Peet Memorial project has caused a ripple of excitement among New York deaf-mutes, and the subject is warmly discussed, and all seem to be willing to do their share of work to help it along.

The report of the National Convention says that the Chairman of the Executive Committee shall appoint time and place of holding the next convention three months in advance of date. Now as it is to be held in the last week of next August, Mr. Booth has followed things to the letter, and he need not give notice till some time in May. Harry White's suggestion that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet be appointed Chairman, is "out of order." The Convention is strictly "deaf-mute," and we think that New York deaf-mutes have enough executive ability to form a local committee. Moreover Harry White knows positively no more about New York City than Mr. Booth, though he lives about two thousand miles nearer than that gentleman, and his suggestion that Dr. Gallaudet could obtain Chickering Hall at a low price, owing to his influence in New York, bears a striking resemblance to the Murray Hill beggar's "pity a poor dumb man," and what is more, is looked upon as such. Begging for deaf-mute societies is all very well in the classic precincts of Boston, but would be laughed to scorn in cosmopolitan New York.

He adds that "a better hall can not be secured, or a more central location, as far as appearances go." Wonderful news! There are plenty of better halls in a more central location than Chickering Hall. If the Convention is going in for appearances, they will do well to secure Chickering Hall; but not "at a very low price," because we are deaf-mutes. But if they go in for "solid comfort," and a well-lighted hall, they have to go somewhere else. Chickering Hall is a winter hall, and is all stained glass windows and cushioned seats. It would be nice (?) to have the foot-lights flooring on a scorching summer's day, and be sweating in heavy plush chairs.

There are a great many other halls especially built for summer meeting in the day time, and when the local committee is appointed—and we hope Mr. Booth will choose deaf-mutes exclusively—they will show what stuff Gotham has, and knowing more about New York city, can obtain an excellent, well-lighted hall, at the regular rates. The Catholic Literary Union can proudly boast of being justified in styling itself a "literary" society. At the last meeting it was decided that hereafter one half the interest accruing from the moneys held by that society in one of the New York banks should be used for the purchase of books, periodicals, and other reading matter, and arrangements are under way to obtain a room for the exclusive use of the society, and which will be open daily, where members can retire when not otherwise engaged.

An amendment was made to the by-laws, which provides that no member, except the President and Vice-President, shall hold the same office over two years in succession, to take effect immediately. John F. J. Tresch has been appointed a special artist for the *New York Illustrated Times*. He now wears a big gold-plated badge, and has an order from the Fire Commissioners to be admitted into the fire lines at all fires, and a similar order from the Police Commissioners.

The following question is to be debated before the Catholic Literary Union, on the evening of April 11th: "Resolved: That in case of great peril, a man should save his wife instead of his mother, if unable to save both."

Mr. J. F. Donnelly is to deliver in signs some good story on April 18th. All are invited to attend the above.

Another deaf-mute inventor has appeared. He does not pretend to restore hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb. Far from it. His invention is an alarm clock for the use of deaf-persons. It is an ingenious contrivance, and is probably worth all the "phones" ever invented. If the invention does all that is claimed for it, it may be classed among the "blessings." It is very simple, being simply a common clock so arranged that at the hour specified a weight is loosened. One end of this weight is attached to a sort of balance similar to those used by druggists, to the other end is attached a string, which is tied to the sleeper's arm or finger, when the weight is loosened, it descends to the floor and pulls the balance pole end is pulled up, and the person is awake. The deaf-mute inventor's name is Mr. Bollinger, and he says he intends to have the thing patented.

Last Sunday, April 1st, was a regular Foot's Day at least for one person, and that person was the watchman on the New York side of the Brooklyn Bridge. He received what he supposed was an official order, ordering him to throw open the bridge, and it remained open for two or three hours, during which time it is estimated over fifteen thousand persons crossed. Among the first to get across was your correspondent. The bridge is indeed one of the wonders of the world. The foot path leading across the bridge is of hard cement to the anchorages, and

over the river it is of pine. All the way, it is as smooth as a ball room floor, and is said to be one of the finest walks in the world. The Brooklyn tower was ascended, and the view from there was boundless. Words fail to describe the grandeur of the scene, and we leave the deaf-mutes to find out how it is themselves, while we pride ourselves as being the first deaf-mute that has ever crossed—yet we tremble least some one has been ahead of us. But who has been on top of the tower? We have been there! X.

REUNION.

MICHIGAN DEAF-MUTE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The second reunion of the graduates of the Michigan Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Flint, will be held in Flint, beginning Tuesday, July 31, 1883, and closing Thursday afternoon, July 5th.

Half fare on the railroad, of course, is to be provided.

We wish to depend upon our friends of this cause to use their influence to bring a large delegation together.

An entertainment, under the auspices of the "Detroit Starlight Club," will be given Wednesday evening, July 4th.

We desire that every graduate or former pupil of the said Institution will feel that they are invited. Also others from other States are cordially invited.

Please remember that subjects that may be presented at the meeting for discussion must be prepared.

Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, O., and other prominent men will be present.

Prof. Delos A. Simpson, A.B., of St. Louis, Mo., will deliver an oration, and several addresses will be given by others. This will certainly make a very interesting reunion.

We have not selected a hall yet for the use of the reunion, but further particulars will be given in this paper and in circulars about the first week of May, and we desire correspondence on any point that may suggest itself to your mind.

We will do our best to make it a strictly respectable affair.

Those who intend to be present at the meeting, please send their names to COLLENS C. COLEY, Cor. Sec'y, 22 Bank Block, Detroit, Mich.

MARCUS H. KERR, President.

Mark Twain finds two glasses of champagne admirable for loosening the tongue and a happy inspiration for an after-dinner speech; but the experience has been that wine clogs the brain for mental work, and he can never write to his own satisfaction after drinking even one glass. He likes tobacco as a stimulant. Oliver Wendell Holmes professes an entirely undisturbed brain for mental work, unstimulated by anything stronger than tea or coffee, unaffected by tobacco or other drugs. His faculties are best under his control in the forenoon, between breakfast and lunch. The only intellectual use he can find in stimulants is the quickened mental action they produce when taken in company. He thinks ideas which thus reach the brain may remain after the stimulus has ceased.

W. D. Howells never uses tobacco, except "a self-defensive cigarette" where a great many other persons are smoking, and when he takes wine it weakens his work and his working force next morning. Lyman Abbott uses neither alcohol nor tobacco. Matthew Arnold drinks claret habitually, and it suits him. The late George M. Beard found alcohol becoming and stupefying, but tobacco, opium, tea and coffee, had an effect precisely the reverse. Prof. Blackie takes wine to sharpen his appetite, but never as a stimulant for intellectual work. Wilkie Collins says that he is nervous and composed by tobacco. Thomas A. Edison is too violently incited by smoking or drinking, but gets inspiration from chewing tobacco. Gladstone regards wine, in moderate quantities, as necessary to him at the time of the greatest intellectual exertion, but he detests tobacco.

Numerous anecdotes about Dore are now appearing. One day at Ischl a peasant's wedding gave him the idea of an exquisitely pretty sketch. On finishing his drawing he closed his album, put it into the pocket of his palatote, and walked home to his hotel. After dinner the album disappeared; neither the host nor the waiters knew anything about it. Dore went to bed furious. In the morning he received a parcel and an anonymous letter to the following effect: "Sir, knowing you would not sell your album, I robbed you of it, that last sketch of yours being quite irresistible; but in order that you should not take me for a common thief, I beg your acceptance of the accompanying 'traveler's staff.'" Dore opened the parcel. It contained a cane with a gold head encrusted with precious stones—really a princely gift. He was never able to ascertain the name of the donor.

About this season of the year many people are asking what it is that determines the date of Easter. The answer is that it is the moon of March, which Tennyson calls "the roaring moon of daffodils." The old rule is that Easter shall fall on the Sunday after the full moon which comes after the vernal equinox. That brings Easter this year on the 25th of March. In 1818 it fell on the 22d of March, the earliest date possible. It will not fall upon that day again in the following century.

THE MASHER MASHED.

The noun "masher" is not derived, as the author of the following verses published in the *Washington Republican* seems to believe, from the verb to "mash," yet, though in error as to its etymology, the poet does justice to his theme from the social and penal points of view:

She lightly tripped down the street
With girlish loveliness replete,
A vision radiantly sweet.
He on the corner stood the while,
He wore a mellow melting smile;
He wore a last year's well-bred tie.
He gazed at her as she passed by,
He caught her lovely, beaming eye,
Her modest blushes mounted high.
She hurried on with quicker tread
Unto her side he fleetly sped—
"Your' bundle is heavy, miss," he said.
Up the broad street her brother came—
Her spark of hope burst into flame—
She faintly murmured out his name.
Who is this discolored youth,
With broken nose and absent tooth?
Some one has played with him, gadsoth!
Whence came he by those darkened eyes—
Those lumps and bumps of wondrous size
That on his curly pate arise?
Some meteor on him must have crashed
To make him so supremely gashed—
What! No! It is!! The masher mashed.
WASHINGTON, February 26.

The Trumpeter's Horse.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life that nothing could induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for their reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse-dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was £123, but I was neither in a humor nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Cheri's autumn sale: I went to the Rue de Pontneuf, and purchased at a venture eight horses which cost me altogether £200. "Out of the eight," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among these horses there was one which I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was, "Brutus, a saddle-horse, age, well-broken." It was a large, dapple-gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth, white skin dappled over with fine black spots, so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leaned his head on one side as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country in order to make his acquaintance.

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and, answered to every turn of the rein—arching his neck and champing his bit. His paces were perfect. He began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in grand style. "Ah," said I, "I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding school at Saumur."

I was about to turn homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot he said, *en passant*, he afterwards received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long, green rods met. On hearing the shot Brutus stopped short and put his ears forward in an attitude of listening. I was surprised to see him so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced: and yet—do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise.

and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse, I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying as plainly as he could without speech: "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Cheri has sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way?" I was about to proceed to exorcisms and administer to him a good thrashing when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage and my riding-whip entered into play; I took it in both hands and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus, too, too patient, and, finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking and plunging; and, in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt end of my broken whip, Brutus, nevertheless, found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was to be nothing gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore legs with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was, consequently, deposited upon the sand, which, fortunately, happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face towards the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat down; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently interred, Brutus knelt by my grave and then galloped around me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in the fall, he took it between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted. I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony chaise, a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after Brutus arrived covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty: I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations: I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid and, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment:

"Madame de Noriolis!"
"Monsieur de La Roche Targe!"
I have an aunt between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute.
"Marry," she would say.
"I will not," was my answer.
"Would you have a young lady? There are Miss A, Miss B, Miss C."
"But I won't marry."
"Then take a widow: there are Mrs. D, Mrs. E, Mrs. F, etc."
"But marry I will not."

Mme. de Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary, but, after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targe joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at.

"Eight hundred acres within a ring fence! A fine chance for a sportsman! But I would shut my eyes and repeat as before, 'I will never marry.' Yet seriously speaking, I was afraid of Mme. de Noriolis and always saw my head encircled with aureole of her aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, talented and 800 acres within a ring fence! Escape for your safety if you will not marry."

And I always did escape, but this time retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters and my leg stiff.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Mme. de Noriolis. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not hurt?"
"No, but I have put some serious thing out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which has played you this trick?"
I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of a broom.

"How! it is him, the good horse! He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I cannot move a step."
"But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you."

And calling her little groom, Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into the carriage. Five minutes afterwards we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand, I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Mme. de Noriolis, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." When she saw me comfortably installed. "Tell me," she said, "I understand it all," she exclaimed: "you have bought the trumpeter's horse."

"Yes, that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then comes the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls; and as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

"Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colors that may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried."
"Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandiere—the vivandiere to-day being your humble servant, the Countess de Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my court-yard, where I was standing on the doorstep putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms, seeing a horse saddled and bridled with a hat in his mouth and without a rider tried to catch him, but he escapes their pursuit, goes straight up the steps and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him, but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round and looks at me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him and arrive where I find you."

At the moment Mme. de Noriolis had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame de Noriolis was so frightened that she let the reins escape from her hands and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Mme. de Noriolis, my leg all the time causing the most frightful torture.

In this manner Mme. de Noriolis made her first entry into La Roche Targe. When she returned six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life," she exclaimed. "This would never come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse."

Alexander Stephens' Romance.

In one of the early years of the '40s Mr. Stephens, then a young man, paid a visit, says the *Atlanta Constitution*, to the home of Mr. Darden in Warren County. There he met a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl of sixteen, beautiful in face and lovely in character, piquant, witty, and gifted with a mind rarely cultivated. An attachment sprang up, which for years did not pass the formal bounds of friendship, but which was secretly cherished by both. The boy lover was poor in this world's goods, fragile in frame and harassed by sickness; he did not dare to aspire to the hand of one whom he had learned to love and yet forebore to claim. With womanly devotion, the young girl read the secret in the young man's eyes, and true to her heart, she could only wait and love. One evening in 1849 a party was given at the residence of Mr. Little, in Crawfordville. There the two met once more; there they enjoyed that sweet communion born of perfect trust; and there Mr. Stephens found courage to speak the words which for years had fought for expression, until at last he could no longer contain them.

"Are you sure that there lives none other whom you prefer to me?" asked the maiden timidly, half shrinkingly, yet only too happy to feel that she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists

not another," said he, passionately. Thus their troth was plighted; the day was set for their marriage, and seemed auspicious for the lovers. But clouds lowered over their hopes; matters of a private nature which it is not within the domain of the public to know, intervened and deferred fruition of their hope. The one became immersed in pontics, and racked with physical ill, hesitated to enter a state when he feared the happiness of the other might be marred. The lady found her duty by the side of an invalid mother, who long lingered with a confining disease. Thus the years flew by; but the plighted troth was kept. Mr. Stephens never addressed another, and ever kept the image of the fair young girl in his heart. The lady was the recipient of admiration from many, but to all she turned a deaf ear. They have often met since, and while the idea of marriage was abandoned, they felt a sweet pleasure in each other's society. But two weeks ago, the lady was at the mansion, and on taking leave of her friend, one of the chairs tripped up; an unfavorable sign, as the Governor remarked at the time. The lady has for years been a citizen of Atlanta, and no one is held in more esteem for every quality which adorns womanhood than Miss Caroline Wilkinson.

Growth After Death.

The following extracts from the "Acts of Leipsic" may possibly be of interest:

In the year 1719 a woman was interred at Nuremberg in a wooden coffin painted black, according to the custom of the country. The earth wherein her body was deposited was dry and yellow, as it is for the most part in the environs of that city. Of three bodies buried in the same grave, this woman's was laid deepest in the ground. In 1761, there being occasion to make room for a fourth body, the grave was dug up anew. To the surprise of the digger when he had removed the two upper most coffins, he perceived a considerable quantity of hair that had made its way through the crevices of the coffin. The lid being removed, there appeared a perfect resemblance of a human figure, the eyes, the nose, mouth, ears and all other parts being very distinct, but from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet it was covered with very long thick and frizzled hair. The grave-digger, after examining it for some time, happened to touch the upper part of the head. To his surprise, the entire body began to shrink, and at last nothing remained in his hand but a mass of rough hair, which insensibly assumed a brownish-red color."

In a letter addressed by Dr. Bartholine to Mons. Sachs, which is inserted in the "Acts of Copenhagen," occur the following words:

I do not know that you have ever observed that the hair which, in people when living, was black or gray, often after their death, in digging up their graves, or opening the vaults, where they lie, is found changed into a fair or flaxen color, so that their relations can scarce know them again by such a mark. This change is produced, undoubtedly, by the hot and concentrated vapors, which are exhaled from the dead bodies.

During the Crimean War, an officer, well-known for his valor, died or was killed in action. He was buried wrapped in his blanket; a little while afterward his body was exhumed, for some reason, and it was said that his beard had grown through his blanket.

There is no need to go as far as the Vatican Library to see a head of hair of the Roman period, as in the fine museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society at York, there is the hair of a young lady, coiled in the modern fashion, into which are stuck jet pins, found in a sarcophagus during the erection of the new railway station at York.

Two Sides of a Story.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said "I am better to-day." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud." Another, "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue." The other said, "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said, "I would rather have something other than this." The other said, "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest, that it is principally parlor.

"I am glad that I live," say one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else than he receives a loss.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose over his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man makes up his accounts from his wants. Another from his assets.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to woman, and the first it takes away.

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Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of new subscribers.

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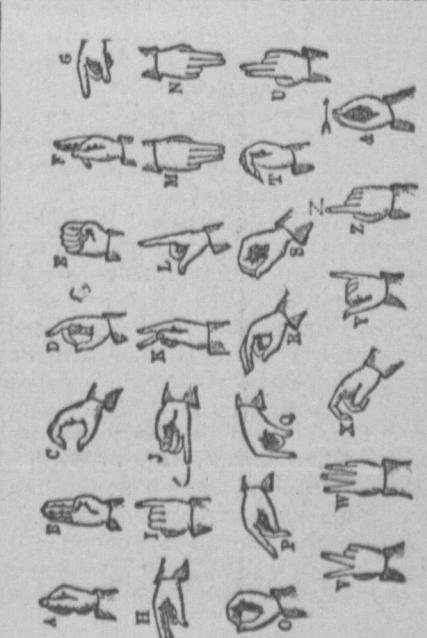
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